

Mr. J. L. Beeson

JUNIOR

The Colonade

EDITION

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Georgia State College for Women, Milledgeville, Ga., March 4, 1929

INAUGURATION OF HOOVER AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

"A wise old owl lived in an oak.
The more he thought the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we be like that wise old bird?"

This was the motto of Coolidge and he followed it very rigidly as far as expressing thoughts was concerned. In fact, Washington, Lincoln, and Coolidge are known as the three silent men of the White House. They said nothing, but allowed the different factions to pacify themselves.

Upon the death of Harding in 1925, Coolidge, a man comparatively unknown and certainly untried, came into the office of President. Though Harding had been elected by an overwhelming vote, auspices were not very favorable at the time of his death. The tide waters of prosperity however, were beginning to flow our way and Coolidge had nothing to do but sit quietly in his little bark and float. He has, moreover, been accredited with the prosperity which was almost inevitable under the circumstances.

He advocated tax reduction as well as the reduction of revenue. Plainly speaking he was a strict economist. In the matter of finance Secretary Mellon was his own boss as were all the other members of Coolidge's Cabinet.

As far as matters of administration are concerned, Coolidge is one of the least significant presidents of the United States. A few events have occurred during his term and a quarter as chief executive which are by no means unworthy of a place in history. The great Mississippi flood of 1927 was a tragedy of profound national concern. The aeronautic feat of Colonel Lindberg will go down in history as a milestone of progress in that field. The signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact was a long step in the direction of world peace in spite of the fact as things stand at present between England and the United States, it has become little more than meaningless.

Outside of the things mentioned very little of moment has transpired during the past five years.

March 4, 1929, however, marks the beginning of a new era in the United States as far as the policies of the executive are concerned. Whereas Coolidge was a man of inaction, Hoover is a man of action. Being a multi-millionaire himself he has none of the conservative views of the economical College. The matter of money will not handicap him in the carrying out of any policy. If he determines to enforce the prohibition law, he will, no doubt, invest as much as \$3,000,000 in the project. If he thinks England is trying to bluff us with regard to armament he will probably build fifty cruisers instead of fifteen. On the other hand he will most likely push the disarmament program. It is believed that under his leadership the United States will enter the World Court and become a member of the League of Nations. Hoover will certainly advocate strict adherence to the Kellogg Peace Pact.

Hoover will bring into his Cabinet the greatest array of talent the country affords, but regardless of it all

he will be his own Secretary of State, his own Secretary of War, of Navy, and, in fact everything. In all probability he will create an eleventh department, that of education.

In this new department, Hoover, being a broadminded humanitarian man, may have a secret purpose of providing more adequate educational advantages for negroes as well as other races resident in the United States. He sees no "colorline" but views the world as an ordinary man would the counties of a state.

If present auspices are really as favorable as they seem, Hoover's administration will rank along with Roosevelt's and Wilson's. Though he may not be to blame, whatever prosperity comes during his administration will bring him praise; whatever adversity will bring him reproach.

LYCEUM ATTRACTION MARCH 16

Among the interesting lyceum attractions appearing soon will be the lecture given on March 16, by Dr. Hilton Ira Jones, a popular scientific lecturer. Dr. Jones is a distinguished scientist, coming from the chemical laboratory to bring to his audience the laws of physical and spiritual health newly discovered by modern chemistry, and to tell the almost unbelievable developments which science is promising for the future.

Dr. Jones is a noted man, a scientist who is recognized and honored all over the world. He is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Chemical Society (London), a member of the American Chemical Society, and many other learned organizations in this country and abroad.

PLANS FOR CLASS TRIP HAS RISE IN RIVER OF MUCH INTEREST TO STUDENTS BEEN ANNOUNCED

Dr. Beeson recently announced that about 400 girls will go on the class trip to Charleston this year. According to the plans now under way, the students will leave on Monday morning, April 1, reaching Charleston about 2:30 in the afternoon.

Monday night, a banquet will be given by the college. The officials of the City of Charleston, as well as as officers from Fort Moultrie, Fort Sumter, and the Citadel will be guests on this occasion.

On Tuesday, a visit will be made to the Magnolia Gardens. Pictures and accounts brought back from last year's trip bear witness to the fact that this trip is one of the most beautiful that could be made. Mr. Hastie, the owner of the gardens, is very pleased that the G. S. C. girls have decided to come back.

On Tuesday afternoon, after a ride around the harbor in government boats, the party will visit Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumter, where they will witness a review of the troops and enjoy a dinner served in regular army style.

Returning from the Forts, they will take the train for the return trip, reaching home about midnight.

DR. WEBBER NAMED SOUTH CAROLINA SCIENCE FELLOW

Dr. Webber has recently been named a Fellow in the South Carolina Academy of Science, of which he was a charter member. He plans to attend the next meeting of the Academy at the University of South Carolina to be held some time during this month.

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

The Junior class has felt very keenly the loss of some of its original members. Fifty-six girls have taken extra work and, as Dr. Beeson terms it, have been "promoted" to the Senior class. The Juniors feel that the Senior class is to be congratulated on acquiring its new members because, having been closely associated with those girls for almost three years, they know what faithful workers they are.

But the Seniors are not the only lucky class, for the Juniors have some new members too. The sixty-eight Sophmores who became Juniors at the end of last semester are beginning already to enter into the spirit of their new class, and no doubt, the faithfulness of the old members will be equaled by the new ones.

Due to the fact that three of the class officers, Dorothy Jay President, Irma Vaughn, Vice-President, and Austelle Adams, Secretary, were in the group who became Seniors, the Juniors class had to hold another election, the results of which have just been announced. Eleanor Piper, Treasurer last semester, was elected President, Mary Bohannon, Vice-President, Margaret Coyne, Secretary, and Annie Kate Melton, Treasurer.

The old officers were all efficient leaders, and without doubt, the new ones will prove equally as capable. So, with the high standards that the old officers set for the class ever upheld by the new, the Juniors will continue to "carry on."

DR. BEESON MADE PRESIDENT DOCTOR'S ACADEMY

At a meeting held last Wednesday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Webber, Dr. Beeson was elected president of the Doctors' Academy. The other officers elected are: Dr. Webber, vice-president; Dr. Hunter, secretary; and Dr. Bohn, treasurer.

Dr. Floyd was elected a member of the academy at this meeting.

LYCEUMS AND PICTURES

As usual, Mr. Thaxton has a number of varied programs in store for us. He was glad to give the following list of attractions to the Colonade, intimating that there might be even more in these first two weeks of March.

Monday night, March 4, there will be another one of those two reel comedies which we so often enjoy.

On Saturday night, March 9, Mrs. Nelle Womack Hines will present a play for the Y. W. C. A. Further details are given elsewhere in this paper.

On Saturday night, March 16, a distinguished lecturer, D. H. I. Jones will lecture on "Science and the Future."

Happiness not even the gods can grant since every man must find it in his own heart.

—SELECTED.



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SERVICE

Above the noise and roar of the city of Atlanta, a huge signboard has been erected. In the daylight, while crossing the viaduct, one notices it because of its immensity and also its message. Just about twilight every day, the switch is pushed forward, and the sign comes into its glory. Against the darkness of the sky the sign flashes—SERVICE—back and forth it flashes, in its lights of a mellow glow. There is a halo of golden lights about the entire sign, and the world about glows with the radiating light of that one brilliant word—SERVICE.

Service! the word itself carries a message. The power to serve! Is that alone not a challenge?

Is not Service a privilege? Everyone may serve, no matter how weak or how strong he may be. Always, a task is waiting. It may be only to send a cheerful message to a shut-in; or it may be to give a word of encouragement to a downhearted soul. It is not so much what the task is that matters. It is the attitude that counts.

A selfish person does not serve, for true service comes from an altruistic heart and a willing spirit.

"Let me go through the day
With kindly thought for all
To live, to work, to play,
And with the night recall;
Let me when night brings rest,
Know that I've done my best."

JUNIORS

The most ideal state of being in all the world is that of juniors. This almost utopian existence has a psychological basis. Juniors, on the whole, are the most satisfied, the most contented group on the campus. Their many and varied experiences have taught them to expect no assistance from schematics or teachers, but to take what comes and be thankful for it.

In the same manner they have learned the rules and regulations of the college and the consequences of infractions upon them. Consequently they are the most obedient and most reliable.

On the other hand, juniors have outgrown the inferiority consciousness of freshmen, the superiority complex of sophomores, and have become themselves again, clear-sighted and unaffected. It is true that they have not attained the store of facts and theories upon which seniors are so capable of expounding, nor have they had the practical application of this knowledge which is accountable for the confidence and poise of seniors.

Nevertheless juniors have come far enough upon the journey to be able to see in the dim distance the end of the trail. They know where they are going, and when, and how, and why.

THE MYSTERY GROWS AN INTERVIEW

Have you heard and seen all the excitement on the campus? Of course you have, though, for even I, who am the last to see and hear anything, have become so excited over signs of some mysterious happenings that I can scarcely sleep.

At first there was not even any talk about the mystery, there was only a feeling. If you are a lover of mystery or detective stories, you know what it is to sit up far into the night, reading, and then, when you are ready for bed, there is a feeling in the room, and on the stairs, especially in corners, of unseen, lurking things. Just so was this feeling that pervaded the campus. Then rumors flew thick and fast as to what the mystery was all about. In desperation I rushed hither and yon in search of a clue. I questioned everyone without success—for no one knew anything definite, but all knew something was afoot.

After several days, I decided that I was losing my weak mind, and had only imagined my suspicions, when they were aroused and strengthened all over again by this horrible sign in large black letters, posted conspicuously on the campus:

WE WONDER

Who taught Dr. Bohm to drive a Chevrolet.

If we really are going home and on the class trip too.

Miss Albert bought those glasses just to look intellectual.

If the Tech Marionettes really are coming this spring.

If Miss Miller's dog is old enough to sit through Sunday School and church.

If an outboard motor boat would serve in school lunch.

If more than eight girls could sing off the same Ernani.

If Dr. Wynn could persuade some more of our teachers to use 90c text books.

THE SPIRIT IS WILLING

I'd rather be thrilling than meek, Provocative, rather than kind, I'd rather be gracefully weak Than always discreet and refined.

I'd give up a savings account Any day, if I had it, for charm Of the sort that made Ninon amount To a genuine cause for alarm.

And that is the way things have stood, But still I am just what I am; Tho' I'd rather be wicked than good, My sins don't amount to a damn.

MARGARET FISHBACK.

Every great Institution is the lengthened shadow of a single man. —EMERSON.

The learned man has always riches within himself. —PHAEIUS.

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, And so, I want to be fit For myself to know; I want To be able as days go by, Always to look myself in the eye. I don't want to stand with the setting sun, And hate myself for the things I've done.

EMMA BLEDSOE.

NO DUELS, DRAMA OR BLOOD-SHED TO SPEAK OF

If I were beautiful I would Not bother much with being good, For beauty seems sufficiently Attractive in itself to me. And righteousness a rather silly calumny of the lily.

But if I were as good as gold And wholly free from all the old Familiar weaknesses, I guess I'd curl my lip at comeliness, And find my satisfaction in A state of being free from sin.

But since I'm neither this nor that Nor good nor bad nor thin nor fat Nor beautiful nor plain as some, But just a happy medium, And never get involved in crime. —MARGARET FISHBACK.

NEW JUNIORS ATTEND THE PICTURES

"Mercy, but it's dark! Have you any idea where to go? When do the seats start?"

"Help! That's my foot if you are through with it!"

"Please, excuse me, but you see I can't see either." These exclamations and others were ejaculated by three startled Juniors on their first trip to the Colonial Theatre, to the huge amusement of the crowded house.

However, all you Juniors who have been Juniors for the whole year needn't cower over these pathetic new-comers. One of your own members, none other than Iverson Dews, on the same afternoon, sat in the lap of a kindly old lady, who took it very cheerfully, all things taken into consideration.

But Kistie Melton and Josephine Proctor were too funny for words when they tried to climb steps up the incline, where there were no steps!

The picture was excellent but the show furnished by uninitiated Juniors was even better.

We've heard it said, however that certain members of the dignified senior class, upon entering the Post Office for the first time have found it most difficult to find their way out.

WHAT SOME FRESHMEN THINK ABOUT OUR CLASS

As a sister-class, the Junior class means to me, a class of girls who are among the leaders on our campus. They strive to reach higher goals and in so doing they get the best that is to be obtained in life. —ELIZABETH TUCKER.

SPECTRUM NEARING COMPLETION

The Spectrum is now becoming an actual reality. Here-to-fore it has been said in far off tones, "When the Spectrum comes out." But now it is said in tones of decision, "When I get my copy of the Spectrum." Friday, March 8, from dawn 'til dark the staff room will be open and someone there to give receipts to all those coming over to pay their three dollars for a copy of the Spectrum.

The movement for bigger and better annuals is being stressed at G. S. C. W. And we can hardly wait for the time when an announcement is made in chapel to this effect: "You may secure your copy of the Spectrum by calling at the staff room and by bringing your receipt with you."

DORA DELL DOWNING

As Freshmen we feel rather insignificant in wishing luck to every member of that great sister-class of ours—the Juniors!

—RUTH PEARCE.

Here's to the Juniors—our sister class. We all wish you the best of luck during the year and years to come.

—SALLYE GARRETT.

G. S. C. W. For the Alumnae



THE ALUMNAE For G. S. C. W.

TO THE JUNIORS

Mine has been such a joyous, rich experience the eight years spent between my normal Sophomore and my Senior years, it is a pleasure to re-travel the journey occasionally. This retrospection is not like one who having completed his journey stands on the hill and looks back for his inspiration, not at all like that, mine is only a short pause in which I attempt to reassemble the facts and grasp the frayed threads to weave them more securely into the original pattern.

Returning to get a degree is of course rather unique to our own school for two reasons: first, because there are thousands of diploma graduates who were here before degrees were given; 2nd, because there is a definite break in our course prople the entire career at once. Consequently, there will continue to be students who, as I will return to finish. However, it seems so much better to continue as you have done, Juniors, you have the commendation of your older sisters.

My job as a hospital dietitian from August, 1920, to June, 1928, has been a most wonderful venture. I have been so happy, because since my first day at the Touro Infirmary, New Orleans, I have been in love with my work. The days have never been long enough and in all that time, I never remember looking at the clock, wishing time would pass.

There is something enticing, fascinating, about caring for the sick. To so suddenly blossom out into full white uniform was like having a profession thrust upon me without working for it. To have intelligent women and wise men ask: "What must I eat to grow thin, or grow fat, or become beautiful, and all of that, was at first like becoming intoxicated on a rich perfume. Nothing daunted me for I told them all the same thing, and always added: "and plenty of it!" Fortunately, for the dietetic profession, I was kept inside and working hard with a salary of fifty dollars and expenses and ten hours a day of duty.

And although I soon learned a little professional ethics concerning modesty and reserve, I lost no interest in those who were ill. After a year of glorious adventure, I accepted a better position at the University of Virginia Hospital, Charlottesville, Va., and after three years there, which were fully as interesting as the first, I transferred to the U. S. Veterans Bureau, accepting my first position of that kind in New Haven, Connecticut.

Two years in New England followed by two years at Hospital No. 67, Kansas City, Mo., record the entire time I have been away from my home state.

To those girls who have begun wondering already what they shall do year after next, there is, in my opinion, only one answer: do what you love. However humble, however unattractive to others your job may seem, it will, if you love it, blossom under your own touch and skill, into a living, fruitful memorial. Four years is, after all, such a short time to give to the preparation of one's professions and though they seem

long and interminable while we are traveling them, very soon they will, as we retrospect, seem like a graceful dream.

—ESSIE BELL RUSSELL.

ARE YOU AS SUCCESSFUL AS YOUR FRIENDS?

Most of us, curious creatures called human beings that we are, wear masks. We have made these masks for ourselves. We began when we were very young and our teacher who showed us the method of fashioning them, was Self Preservation. Our feelings were hurt, perhaps in the first grade, perhaps even earlier, and we put on an expression of silliness or defiance, or cynicism, to show we didn't care. It was the flimsiest mask then. No one would have known it as that, but as the years went on and rebuffs came thick and fast, we worked hard at it, and finally it was perfect. Only we ourselves or a wizard could tell what lay behind that mask and sometimes, so great was our success that we began to believe that the mask was the real face after all.

Still human nature is hard to deceive all the time, and we are curious about the masks of our neighbors. We pick and pry at the corners to see if we can lift it and look underneath. With one hand we hold fast to our own mask, to keep it from being rudely jerked away, and with the other we peep and pry at our friend's masks feeling a certain childish curiosity and malice the thought of laying bare the real shrinking soul behind the mask.

The masks are different, though they are fashioned in the same way, some of them are beautiful and some of them are ugly, and so strange is the human soul, that at times it begins to hold the same mold as the mask and to finally cease to be an entity but to become part of the mask itself.

Look at the masks in front of us. This one is affectation. The soul started out at a simple thing but somehow it began to feel that an excess of manner was most attractive. Then the mask began to be made. Smirks took place of smiles. The person thought more of the right word than of the kind word and it began to use an unnatural but supposedly stylish pronunciation. "Ah," smiled the soul rubbing its shadowy hands, "how fine I am. Now I have succeeded. Look how much more sophisticated I am than my friends." And the soul listened so much to its own stylish pronunciation that it forgot to listen to any one else, and gradually it began to really believe that no one else was worth listening to.

Here is another. This is a mask indeed. There is no danger of mis-taking it for anything else. No lips naturally drooped in those cynical lines. No seams of malice and dishonesty were naturally drawn across a real face. No eyes were ever made by the Creator so narrow in that calculating cruel way. Poor face that once was, will it ever give over its changed lines and regret that it forged a covering like this?

There are so many masks. It is fortunate that each of us makes but

one. No one person could have made them all. But this one is beautiful! It has a pleasant name, not like affectation or selfishness. Its name is Self Control. An impatient temper might have spoiled the beautiful lines but it is held in check. Selfishness might have blurred the outlines but it has been overcome and on the mask is kindness and love. This is a fortunate soul. The mask it has made is a lovely thing and one by which to pattern.

Have you a mask? Probably—no almost surely. What is like? Is it ugly or beautiful? Is it flexible or set? Does the soul shine through or is the soul obscured? How is your patience rewarded, Oh maker of Masks, for your years of toil? Are you as successful as your friends?

THE THRILL OF BECOMING AN ALUMNAE

Standing at the threshold which leads from the undergraduate throng to the ranks of the alumnae, is a group of girls who have just become graduates of our college. With an indefinable thrill of happiness and anticipation, face the prospect of entering that body of alumnae which we have admired for our two years in school. We have looked with awe upon this great organization of women who have proved ever loyal and ever true to their Alma Mater, and who have shown this love on every occasion. We, as students, have always known that we would find encouragement from the Alumnae.

Now that we have become Alumnae, our hearts thrill with the prospect of entering into the delightful associations of the others who love our college. We feel that we are doubly favored, for are we not students and Alumnae at the same time? The joys and sorrows of students are ours; the triumphs and failures of the alumnae are shared by us. With loyal hearts and ready hands we wait to serve you, fellow Alumnae.

THEY ALL RETURN SOONER OR LATER

In 1916, Miss Estelle Carnes received her diploma from G. S. C. W. and next year taught Home Economics at Washington Seminary at Atlanta. For about six years, she did volunteer work, being dietitian first at Camp Wheeler and then in other army stations all over the United States. In 1924, she was with Shraft's in New York and for six months did tea room work there. For four years, Miss Carnes did tea room work in Connecticut. In February, she returned to her Alma Mater to continue her studies. Such a varied and rich experience hers has been. It is always a pleasure to have students of the past years back, and we are glad that Miss Carnes is back again.

Our lives are made up of contrasts, and by contrasts alone do we measure our enjoyments and pleasures. —DR. HARRY WHITNEY.

ALUMNAE PERSONALS

Katherine Scroggin, '28, is working with a bank in Atlanta.

Margaret Hightower, '28, is in the Charleston Museum, Charleston South Carolina.

Frances Moses, '28, teaching at Hapeville, Ga.

Louise Dorminy, '28, teaching in Linwood school in Fitzgerald, Ga.

Martinez Young, '28, teaching in Roanoke, Ga.

Susie Ware, '28, teaching in Orlando, Fla.

Annie Barnett, '26, teaching at Cedartown, Ga.

Edith Ellington, '25, teaching in Thompson.

Frances Reed, '28, teaching in Darien, Ga.

Martha Harrison, '27, working in Thompson.

Virginia Bussey, '26, teaching in Atlanta.

Mrs. Carl Hartman, nee Ethel Chambers, '26, living in Atlanta.

Bonny Godwin, '27, teaching at Bethel school, Monticello, Fla.

Oleeta Tankersly, '27, teaching in Eljay, Ga.

Mrs. O. L. Wooten, '27, nee Catherine Brim, teaching in Lyons.

Rebecca Wilson, '27, teaching at Blakely, Ga.

Wil D. Shope, '27, teaching in Dalton.

Cornelia Lowe, '27, teaching at Lyons.

Margaret Baxley, '27, dietitian at the City Hospital in Macon, Ga.

Birdie Fay Allen and Elizabeth Lindsay, '27, working in Atlanta.

Cliff Taylor, '26, doing "Y" work in Macon.

Allyne Daniel, '27, teaching in Tennesse, Ga.

Annie Ruth Rae, '27, teaching in Plains, Ga.

Jean Walker, '27, teaching in Columbus, Ga.

Alien McKinnon, '27, teaching at Donaldsville, Ga.

Mrs. W. A. Grow, '26, nee Muriel Watson, teaching at Adel, Ga.

Martha Harris, '27, teaching at Lyons, Ga.

Julia Alfriend, '28, teaching at Swainsboro, Ga.

Bob Lashley, '28, teaching in Lakeland, Ga.

Mrs. Paul McDonald, nee Callie Patton, '26, living in Atlanta, Ga.

Lucile Hatcher, '27, teaching in Stone Mountain, Ga. she is now Mrs. M. A. Maddox.

To Mr. and Mrs. S. J. DeWitt, a daughter, Joan. Mrs. DeWitt was formerly Louise Morris.

To Mr. and Mrs. Branson James, a daughter, Patricia Anne, on December 18, 1928. Mrs. James was formerly Corisue Anthony.

HAVE WE YOUR PERMANENT ADDRESS?

PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION TO

MISS MARGURITE JACKSON

SECRETARY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

TERRELL ANNEX B 607

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA

YOUR MAIDEN NAME
YOUR MARRIED NAME
YEAR GRADUATED OR ATTENDED
PERMANENT ADDRESS
OCCUPATION



SOCIAL NEWS

Mrs. C. G. Machin, formerly Miss Sarah Jordan, graduate of '25, was the guest of her sister, Leo Jordan, the past week-end.

Misses Mary and Georgia McElmurry were the recent guests of Louise Green.

Misses Ruth Nelson and Rita Todd were the week-end guests of Elizabeth Nelson.

Virginia Dixon and Nita Moreland, of Woodbury, spent the week-end with Annie Sue Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Julia Turner, and Carol MacDonald were the guests of Ida Turner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Flanders and Mrs. H. L. Rogers, of Ocala, were recent visitors of Claire Flanders. Mrs. Rogers, who before her marriage was Miss Ruth Murphy, was a former G. S. C. W. student.

Miss Elmer Cowan spent last week-end with her sister, Frances Cowan.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Atkinson and Miss Elizabeth Thompson were the guests of Evelyn Hurst Sunday.

Miss Frances Flanders, of Wesleyan, was the recent guest of Beatrice McWhorter.

Miss Essie Belle Russell spent the week-end at her home in Montezuma.

Miss Mildred Turner, of Wesleyan, was the guest of Katherine Burnley last week-end.

May Kittles had as her guest last week, her sister, Miss Margaret Kittles.

Miss Ola Mann, of Conyers, spent the week-end with Mary Frances Cowan.

Miss Myrtle Hunt, of MoRac, was the week-end guest of Blanche Mesley.

Mrs. C. N. Roberts and Mrs. J. J. Averet, of Social Circle, were the guests of Sue Roberts, Feb. 26.

Mary Perry had her parents as her guests last Sunday, Feb. 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hanner and little daughter, of Madison, were the guests of Caroline Hanner, Sunday, Feb. 25.

Julia Boswell had her mother as a visitor last Sunday, Feb. 25.

Miss Martha Samms was here Sunday afternoon to see Catherine and Lucy Hemphill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Mitchell, and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cowan, of Social Circle entertained a group of their home-town girls at a dinner Sunday. The party included: Vivian Mitchell, Frances Cowan, Ella Margaret Hollis, Frances Mitchell, Sue Roberts, Sarah Wofford, Jimmy Deck, Mary Hurst, Charlotte Wallace, Mary Frances Cowan, Sarah Brown, and Russel McIntyre.

BIBLE STUDY HIKE

On Monday afternoon, a gay group of girls, composing Miss Burch's Bible Study Class, hiked to Camel's Hump. They hiked two miles over which they were to cook, but hardly had the flame begun to crackle, when a few drops of rain warned the hikers of an approaching shower. Hastily, they transported their partially cooked food to a nearby cabin, which fortunately had an old fashioned fireplace in it. Despite the excitement of moving, the bunch or rolls, hamburgers, blushing bunny, pickles, coffee, and marshmallows was delightfully appetizing to the young people.

Meanwhile the shower had decreased to a drizzle so that the hikers were able to leave for the campus. On the way home they gathered yam blossoms for the vases in their rooms.

The following girls hiked: Mildred Lipham, Louise Rice, Mary Johnson, Elizabeth Moore, Margaret Durden, Claire Zeagler, Annie Pfeiffer, Caroline Holmes, Virginia Frazier, Annie C. Hayes, Milda Harlan, Mary Ernest Norris, Willie Mae Stowe, Margaret Rucker, Acquilla Williams, Helen Domingos, Alice Elder, Ruth Brannan Burns Hartley, Lucile Pitts, Frances Cance, Margaret Arthur, Rota Bowman, Elizabeth Milner, Roberta Gilbert and Vandy Osmont.

PARTY IN TERRELL A

At a party last Sunday night, Carolyn and Edna Tigner entertained Dorothy Anderson, Elizabeth Biggers, Mary Mitcham, Mary Oma Sherouse, Mary Williams, and Frances Smith.

ENNIS FEAST

Marguerite Gilbert, Ruth Wright, Christine Wynn, Frances Fordham, Edith Cox, Cornelia Montgomery, Katherine McCrackin, Hellen Barron, Dorothy Anderson, and Louise Whaley, were guest at a delightful party given Monday afternoon by Ida Turner.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Callie Cousins and Lillian Sams entertained Johnnie Tarver at a birthday feast Sunday night, inviting the following guests: Wynita Taylor, Gene McDonald, Mattie Bell West, Kathleen Harlow, Nellie Kelly, Louise McKinley, and Lillian Sams.

BIBLE STUDY HIKE RAINED OUT

On Monday afternoon Miss Scott's Bible Study Class planned a hike, but on account of the rain, the plans had to be changed at the last minute. Instead of going to Nesbit woods, as planned, Miss Scott invited the sixteen girls who met at the appointed place to go to her house. There they spent a delightful afternoon, cooking what food they had, telling stories, playing games, singing, and talking. The girls enjoyed this treat very much and were not at all sorry that they were rained out.

Miss Olive Gould, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, was with the G. S. C. girls from Wednesday until Friday in behalf of Missionary Institute work. Having spent five years in India as school supervisor, and having had much experience in Missionary work, she gave very helpful and inspiring talks. She spoke in the Chapel Thursday morning and in the Student Volunteer group and World Fellowship Committee Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. She also led the Thursday evening Vesper service.

PARTY IN ATKINSON

Leo Jordan entertained for her sister, Mrs. C. G. Machin, at a feast Saturday night, inviting several of her former classmates now on the campus. The guests included: Misses Polly Moss, Rosabel Burch, Marilee Anderson, Sara Bigham, Frances Thaxton, Edith Fletcher and Lorene Teaver.

LOUISE GREEN GIVES FEAST

Louise Greene entertained a group of friends at a delightful feast Sunday night. The guests were: Frances Hall, Mildred Dial, Novine Holcombe, Virginia Rook, Loretta Turner, Margaret Canada, Claire Canada, Dora Dell Downing, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Christian, Miss Florence Barnett.

Leone and Vandiver Osmont and Lucile Pitts were hosts at a delightful feast in 43 Ennis Hall last Sunday night. The guests included: Elizabeth Guley, Patricia Jones, Frances Perry, Mary Scott Phipps, Dora Dell Downing, Lillian Mundy, Ann Walker, Nell Williams, Eva Lou McGowan, Sara McGhee, Carolyn Hanner, and Roberta Gilbert.

FRESHMEN ELECTS CLASS OFFICERS

At chapel Saturday morning, the freshmen completed the election of their class officers. Vera Hunt, of Cedar town, was elected president, Elizabeth Guley, of Decatur, vice-president, Sallye Garrett, of Quitman, secretary, and Carol Butts, of Milledgeville, treasurer.

For weeks the students of the whole school have been looking to the freshmen and wondering which ones of their group would be chosen to represent their class as its leaders. These four capable girls will undoubtedly prove true representatives of their class from every point of view.

THROUGH THE EYES OF FRESHMEN

In looking on the members of the Junior class as older sisters, we have a love for them that can only be expressed as a sisterly love. We are sure that the girls of this group will always hold high the ideals of our Alma Mater.

—BEVERLY BRANTLEY.

We the Freshman Class, have set for our goal, the goal that our sister class, the Juniors, have attained. We only hope that we can make our light shine out to other Freshmen, even as theirs have helped to guide us.

—ROBERTA GILBERT

Now listen my dear
And you shall hear
Of the topic of this little rhyme.
The Juniors we cheer
Now and every year,
And even to the end of time.

—MARY DRISKELL.

SPRING COUNCIL OF STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT MEETS AT AGNES SCOTT

The officers of the Student Volunteer Movement of Georgia will meet for Spring Council on March 17, at Agnes Scott College, in Decatur. These officers were selected at the Student Volunteer Conference held at Brenan College, Gainesville, in February, and they are from Wesleyan, Agnes Scott, Mercer, Emory, and G. S. C. W. Faye Sessions will represent this college at the March meeting of officers.

HOBBY GROUPS PRESENTED IN CHAPEL

Thanks are due Mrs. Bernice McCullar for the clever way in which the hobby groups were introduced in chapel last Tuesday. The members of the Freshman Council, aided by Miss Daughtry and Caroline Cheney, presented the idea in the form of a play. In song and story the different attractions of each group were given.

Sallye Garrett, very aptly took the part of a carefree boy whose hobby was fishing. Elizabeth Tucker, was the studious school girl persuaded by the fisherman, and the goddess (Vera Hunt) that all study and no play make Elizabeth a dull girl.

The members of the Freshman Council came in singing their hobby song to the tune of My Blue Heaven.

"Have a hobby like me,
And then you'll see
How happy life can be."

The various groups and their leaders are: skating, Sallye Garrett, Lillian Munday, Sue Smith; serving, Margaret Arthur and Louise Connally; carpentry, Dot Anderson and Alice Bryant; nature study, Jewell Dodd and Bobbie Burns; poetry, Annie Sara Camp and Dixie Neal; drama, Elizabeth Ballew and Helen Barron; hiking, Dot Piper and Catherine Farmer; snapshots, Elizabeth Guley and Elizabeth Sammons; singing, Mary Daiskill and Nell Coleman; party planning, Dora Delle Downing and Vandiver Osmont; current events, Frances Williams and Catherine Baugh; debating, Beverly Brantley and Roberta Gilbert; handicraft, Mary Belle Gibson and Mildred Dillard.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS TO VISIT G. S. C. W.

Mr. William Lyon Phelps, author, and one of the greatest authorities on contemporary literature, is now spending some time in Augusta, Ga., on account of his health.

It is rumored that, under the auspices of the Literary Guild, he is to lecture before the student body and faculty sometime in the near future. If this be true, they will surely experience a treat almost inestimable.

DEAN SCOTT ATTENDS N. E. A. CONVENTION IN CLEVELAND

During the past week, Professor E. H. Scott has been representing G. S. C. W. at the National Educational Association Convention in Cleveland, Ohio. Presidents and Deans from all the leading colleges of the country were there.

The program was most interesting addresses being made by the foremost educators of the nation.

This convention was attended by superintendents of the Association and their purpose was the planning of the National Education Convention to be held in Atlanta in July, 1929.

FRESHMAN CLUB MEETS

The Freshman Club met Friday, February 22, at 5:30 o'clock in Ennis Basement.

The new officers for this semester are: President, Elizabeth Ballew; Vice-President, Susie Dell Reamy; Secretary, Sara Holly; and Treasurer, Veryl Grier. These officers had charge of the program. A short one-act play was presented, and afterwards Jewel Dodd gave several readings.

After the program the members of the Social Committee served the guests with lemonade and sandwiches.



Freshman: Are you a big girl on the campus?
Julian Walton: Well, I don't know about that, but I'm the big noise at the library.

Miss Jones: The next step is to put some tailor tacks in.
Margaret Cunningham: All right, Miss Jones, where will I find the tacks?

Betty Jennings: I paid my fourth visit to the beauty parlor today.
Mary Farmer: Strange, you could not get waited-on.

Drunk: See that sign over there?
Drunk: Yeah—Whash it shay?
Drunk: "Ladies Ready to Wear Clothes."
Drunk: Well, hit's damn near time they wuz."

The Cop: Say! I almost broke my neck followin' you around them curves.
She: Well, I hope this teaches you not to chase after every pretty girl you see!

Abie: Dat's a captivating dress Rebecca has on tonight.
Ikke: Yass; I kept vating a long time before I bought it for her.

Farmer: Thought you said you had plowed the ten-acre field?
Plowman: No, I only said I was thinking about plowing it.
Farmer: Oh, I see; you've merely turned it over in your mind.

On the verge of bankruptcy a distracted business man was amazed by his wife's announcement that she could help him out with \$100,000 she had secretly saved.

"Where in the world did you get all that money?" he demanded in pleased astonishment.
"Why," said she, "every time you kissed me I put a dollar in the savings fund."
"Good night!" he ejaculated. "If I had done all my kissing at home, I'd be a millionaire!"

A trouble's a ton, or your trouble's an ounce,
Or your trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you are hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

Lot's wife, who looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, has nothing on my wife. She looked back and turned into a telegraph pole.

"So you met Alice today?"
"Yes, I hadn't seen her for ten years."
"Has she kept her girlish figure?"
"Kept it? She's doubled it."

HORSE LAUGH

I wish I had a story to fill this little chink
And make the printer's devils sling all the wicked ink.
I wish I had a story. Oh, ho, it makes me curse.
But since I have no story, you'll have to take this verse.

A FAMILY TIE

One of the partners in a big Wall Street banking house—an investment banker worth many millions—has a brother up town in the cloak and suit trade. The two brothers see very little of each other, although the clock-and-suitor often calls at the office of his more prosperous banker-brother.
The other day, annoyed by his brother's refusal to leave his private office to see him, the clock-and-suitor insisted upon speaking to him on the telephone.
"Is that you, Sidney?" asked the clock-and-suitor.
"Yes, I am Mr. So and So," came the reply. "Who are you? I'm very busy."
"You may not remember me, this is your brother Nathan. I met you in our father's house."—New York Evening World.

BACK TO PAY

A blonde flapper called at the hospital the day after an accident.
"I want to see the young man who was injured in the auto wreck last night," she said.
"Are you the girl who was with him?" asked the dainty young hospital nurse.
"Yes," was the reply, "and I thought it was only right to come and give him the kiss he was trying for."

"See how the mass of men woves themselves into nameless graves, while here and there a great unselfish soul forgets himself into immortality."

—EMERSON.

"The two hardest things in the world to find are true altruism and honest clear thinking."

—HUGH WALPOLE.

NO TRUTH IN IT

"Who says that all me are born free?" wailed the young father as he received the doctor's bill.
—Raoul Blumberg, Yale '29.

Younger sister: Do you think March a good month for me to be married in?
Older sister: I don't know. I was never married in March.

—LIFE.

THE ABSENT-MINDED GANGSTER

He was very forgetful. Often he would forget what he went out for and return with the same number of bullets in his gun that he had when he went out.
Finally the leader tied a string on the absent-minded gangster's finger to remind him he had to kill somebody.
One day he did it, and then, absent-mindedly, forgot to make a getaway.
So the authorities tied a rope around his neck to remind him not to kill anybody else.

—R. C. O'BRIEN.

I lifted my hat
To brush back my hair
As I passed where she sat;
I lifted my hat,
But she turned me down flat.
And gave me the air.
I just lifted my hat
To brush back my hair.

MY 4D

4 nice mud-guards
4 wheel brakes,
4 sleek snubbers
When she shakes.
4 new pistons,
4 plugs, too,
4 wide doors
To enter through.
4 bright headlights—
How they shine!
4 more payments—
Then she's mine!

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN.

MAYBE THIS ISN'T SO HOT
Shop Assistant (pointing to a row of chickens)—This chicken, ma'am? Customer—No.
"This one?"
"Well, let me know when I'm getting warm."

—ANSWERS.

"Why are you so melancholy, old man?"
"Joyce rejected me last night."
"Well, cheer up; there are lots of others."
"I know, but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."

Cora Ann: Granddaddy, were you in Noah's Ark?
Granddad: Why, no.
Cora Ann: Then why weren't you drowned?—The Pathfinder.

He: They say you have been disappointed in love.
She: No; at all; love is all right.

—COLLEGE HUMOR.

They were discussing silk stockings.
"They were invented in Queen Elizabeth's time," said the man who knows everything.
"Yes," commented another, "but they weren't discovered till the twentieth century."

—TIT BITS.

FOOD TRUCK GETS STUCK

There has been much excitement over the deplorable state of affairs brought about by the recent rains, but worst came to worst when it was reported that the truck bringing food to the college was stuck and that the students would have to "fast" until something could be done to relieve the situation. The girls became desperate and made many wild threats, ranging all the way from breaking into a store to calling their people. One girl, who was trying to make the best of a trying situation, suggested that it was an opportune time to begin reducing. (By the way, she weighs about 175 pounds.) Well, the girls sat in little groups here and there discussing the question when, all of a sudden and to their complete amazement, the supper bell rang. They all rushed down and found food—all they wanted, and they never appreciated it more. Now, this all goes on to prove that false reports will get out.

LISTENING IN

You don't have to be a Congressman or a senator or even a member of Washington's elite, or a visitor to the capital of the nation to be able to hear Hoover's inaugural address. Of course, it's nice to be any one of these, but it's over so much nicer to be a member of the G. S. C. student body, who in spite of a terrific downpour lasting all day, heard Hoover's address in the auditorium.

Dr. Webber operated the radio practically all day and the program came over very clearly. Girls came and went whenever they had classes. The whole program was very interesting, and quite thrilling. The enthusiasm of the crowd was manifested in the deafening roars of applause. The bands played and the crowds cheered, wildly. The announcer brought a vivid picture of the situation to his millions of listeners when he followed ex-Pres. and Mrs. Coolidge down to the train and reported that Cal was standing on the rear of the train, hat-in-hand waving good bye.

Hoover's address set forth some of the principles for which he is going to stand. He declared that America must play her part in the making of world wide peace. He also stated that he was going to appoint a commission to investigate the spirit of lawlessness brought about by the Volstead Act. He intends to deal with tariff problems and farm relief by calling an extra session of Congress.

Everyone who was able to attend the program or any part of it, was fortunate, indeed.

GO TO BED STORIES

"What was the idea of that story Mother read us last night?" asked Billie Bunny of her brother one morning as they were dressing.
"The idea of it was that you should always tell your Mother when you are going to do anything. For instance, when you go away, you should tell your Mother, or your father, where you are going and—"

"Always?" asked Billie.
"Yes, always for they might want you and then they would not know where to look. Someone might come with a lot of carrot pie for you and if Mother didn't know where you were, you wouldn't get the carrots—see?"

"I guess I see now. But this is Saturday and I'll help Mother while you go to the store," said Billie.

When breakfast was over, Bobbie started for the store while Billie came to help her Mother dust the house. "I wish Mrs. Squirrel would come with her bushy tail and dust for us," laughed Billie.

By and bye Billie got as far as the pantry. There she saw a large jar of jam. She dusted all around it and all the while it was bothering her. Finally she took a little bit of it and it DID taste so good. "I guess I ought to tell Mother where I am," she thought. All the while the jam was worrying her.

Temptation got the better of her and off came the lid of the jar and into it went Billie!

When the little Rabbit was full of jam, she sneaked out into the parlor and there was her Mother.
"Oh! What in the world is this thing?" Mother Rabbit acted as though she were frightened to death. "Get out of my home!" she shrieked. "It's your little Billie," pleaded the little one.

"I don't believe any one of my children look like you."

"Let me kiss you," whined Billie.

"Not with that face!" exclaimed Mother Rabbit.

"I'll never do it again, Mother!" cried Billie.

"Then wash your face and I'll let you kiss me," answered the Mother, trying hard to keep back a smile.

Shasta daisies in your yellow bowl
Gracing old wood and reflecting in gold

The pale tints as in the halo of a saint

Make a picture that a master might paint.

—IVY DEWS.

ORANGES

PICKED IN FLORIDA WEDNESDAY

DELIVERED ON CAMPUS THURSDAY

ROY BAISDEN

TRANSFERRING DONE FOR STUDENTS AND FACULTY
WITH DISPATCH AND CHEERFULNESS

Ivey Transfer Company

FEATURE PAGE

JOSEPHINE PROCTOR, Editor

ONE TERRIBLE NIGHT WHAT HAPPENED?

Rushing back to the dormitory, I confided all my fears to my roommate, a sensible person. She, too, was worried, but told me to consult Mrs. Hines, who though she was not the actual author of "The Gorilla," "The Cat and the Canary," and other mysteries, that she certainly should be able to throw some light on the subject.

I hurried over to the auditorium and down the steps into Mrs. Hines' charming studio. Luckily for me and my peace of mind she was there. She lifted her jolly, smiling face that sobered instantly at the sight of my sadly disturbed one.

"Why, honey, what's wrong? You look worried to death," Mrs. Hines said.

"I am, Mrs. Hines. Can you possibly tell me anything about this mystery?" I asked.

Of course Mrs. Hines knew! But she asked me first to tell her all I knew. So as briefly as possible I explained the feeling, and rumors, and now these signs.

"Why, Mrs. Hines, I just saw two more. One read: 'Who Locked the Doors,' and another: 'Was She Dead?' Please, please tell me anything you know!"

Mrs. Hines laughed and said that the mystery surrounded a play.

"A play? How wonderful! Can't you tell me something about it, or the plot, the name or the characters?"

"Of course I can't tell you anything about it, or it wouldn't be a mystery any longer." I must have looked woefully disappointed for she changed her mind. "I will tell you the name and the characters, but the plot is a secret. No one is to know a thing about that until the night of March 9th, and then there will be only one way of finding out—that is to see the play. Here's the information that is to be put on the hand-bill."

What Happened at Midnight?
You will find out if you see—

"Hallucinations"

A Comedy in Three Acts

Written and Directed by

Nelle Womack Hines

G. S. C. W. Auditorium.

Saturday night—Benefit Y. W. C. A.

March 9th—8:00 P. M.—Prices

25 and 35 cents.

Who's Who in The Play

Allan Courtney—Marguerite Jack-

son.

Rose Courtney—Carol Butts.

Jimmy Snow—Dorothy Colquitt.

Peggy Snow—Josephine Proctor.

Mrs. Henry Spooks—Fisher.

Robertine McClendon.

Miss Gisselder—Greens—Pauline

Signman.

Tim—Frances Thaxton.

Dinah—Mary Elliott.

"It is for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.?" I asked.

"Yes, and I want you to know that the first check to be taken out of the proceeds is to pay for the little song folders gotten out recently."

"She didn't say so, but we all know that Mrs. Hines' hobby is singing, and that she believes one of the biggest factors in a get together affair is the singing."

I thanked Mrs. Hines for the information and dashed back to tell two

THROUGH THE EYES OF A FRESHMAN

The Junior Class is a great class! Its members have all the enthusiasm and ardor of Freshmen and, in addition, they have a sense of responsibility and a patience which they have gained from the successes and failures (mostly successes) of their three years. If they had not this patience they would not be so tolerant and helpful, nor so proud of their sister class—the Freshmen.

We Freshmen appreciate this attitude in the Juniors and their faith in us. We are doing our level best to follow the example they have set, and when this Freshman Class of 1929 begins doing their level best, things begin to happen!

Sophomores and Seniors stand back! We Freshmen and Juniors are going to show you how to get things done!

TO THE FRESHMEN

If there is a doubt in the mind of any Freshman at G. S. C. W. that there is not a group of girls counting on them and wishing for their success in everything they undertake, just come and see the Juniors! As your sister class we have watched you from the minute you became a part of our college, and we knew that from the wonderful start you made, we would be proud of our little sisters.

Your class has had the gates of opportunity opened to them, and is just inside its portals. This first half of this year has been spent in adjusting yourselves to your new environment. You are now organized and are ready to start on your college career. What wonderful things may be achieved! We know that within each of you is vested that spirit that exists in the heart of each G. S. C. W. girl; that spirit of living, loving, giving, smiling, and even though it is behind the clouds, being confident that the sun is still shining. So, Freshmen, with this lovely G. S. C. spirit combined with the sound loyalty of your class, we Juniors are confident that there is no limit to the heights which our Freshmen may attain.

We pledge ourselves to you, Freshmen, to aid you where aid is needed, to cheer you when cheering is deserved, and to glory in the success that we are certain will be yours!

ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

When I came to college, I thought I couldn't make an announcement in chapel. And I couldn't when I came to college.

When I came to college, I thought I couldn't dress for breakfast in two and a half minutes. And I couldn't when I came to college.

When I came to college, I thought I couldn't skate down the big walk. And I couldn't when I came to college.

When I came to college, I thought I couldn't write a thesis. And I couldn't when I came to college.

When I came to college, I thought I couldn't eat grits. And I couldn't when I came to college.

room-mates as much as I knew of the mystery.

SONGS OF HEART AND HOME

Believe me, if all those adhering young charms
Which I view with admiring dismay,
Are going to rub off on the shoulders and arms
Of this suit which was cleaned just today,
Thou wilt still be adored with my usual zeal,
My sweetheart, my loved one, my own;

But I'll sternly suppress the emotions I feel
And love you, but leave you alone.
It is not that thy beauty is any the less,
Nor thy cheeks unaccustomedly gay;

They are lovely indeed, as I gladly confess,
And I think I should leave them that way.
For the bloom of your youth isn't on very tight,
And the powder rubs off of your nose,

So my love is platonic, my dear, for tonight,
Since these are my very best clothes.
—PATTON'S MONTHLY.

GEE! IT'S GREAT TO BE A JUNIOR

Sally—Whew! What a hard time we have had, but at last, we are Juniors. When I was a little green freshman, I thought if I ever got my normal diploma, I'd be doing well, and never dream'd that I would become a Junior. That seemed something far off in the distance.

Mary—Me, too! I've had a hard time, but I've made it. Remember those hard times we had in Chemistry? All those H₂O's and HCl's and PDQ's. I thought I would never get them straight.

Sally—Yes, and that freshman H. S.—especially the "Lab" part. I never went to class without spilling something or putting too much salt in it. Don't we have nice "Lab" thought?

Mary—I should say, and labs are not the only things that are nice around here. You haven't forgotten 'em, when we came here, we had to wade across the street in the mud to the Methodist church for chapel, have you?

Sally—No, and now the street is paved, and we have the new auditorium. Why, it looks like a different place.

Mary—And the hospital! How nice it is! You haven't forgotten that we used to have to go to the Home House for a Hospital, have you?

Sally—Wasn't it awful! Those poor girls who roomed up over the infirmary.

Mary—And how about the New Dormitory? Now, they don't have to put girls down in Newell House and Home like they used to.

Sally—Haven't things changed around this place tho?

Mary—I'll say it has. Do you know, I believe if you come down here about five years from now, they'll have a swimming pool, a new library, an aviation field, a golf course, and—maybe Saturday night dances with the "Jimmies."

Sally—Well, you can't over-tell. Anyway, I'm glad I'm here, now, be-

FREDATO GRETTEL

State of Mien, United
Genuey two and two

Cousin Gretel:
Vy heff you not answer me? You no I rote you hind-part—before. Herbert rite to Hans an I rite to you jest like im telling you. Thes rittin iss goin too far. It is all lopsided by me.

Vell ve heff moved again yet. Ve heff moved to the country vere ve heff everyday the pigs-knuckles an sauerkraut jest like holme in Nordhausen. Like I sed over an over Herbert iss befor the schoo know. He iss in the 3A grade and I am in the brown skirt an the white shirt. My clothes look lik the priest, rp embroider, no tunic. How you will laff!

Ve don sit togedder now like holme, a leetle boy with a big girl an a ole man with a long stick to teach you. Ve don go by the same techin. See? Herbert go to the G. M. C. where he dres all up lik Prince Wilhelm an don do no work by nite but preen himself befor the windor glass all day long. That silly boy he vill keel me by my laffin!

By my school I have so many teachers like you have fisher men. I sit in one house which iss so great an lonesome and I think onley of that red cheek Heifitz boy which use to pull my pigtaills offer me. Gott how I luff that boy! Den a bell she ring like the chapel bell an every one in the brown skirt, she scoot an I follow. Ve go in annudder house an lisen. Ven one bell ring ve eat what I hav lug all day wid my insides splitten me—switzer cheese an goose liver, wienervurst and rye bread which we bring all hte way from New Orleans.

By now I am sorry I rite you because I hev here a letter from that foolish Heifitz boy. He canna spiek a word of English. He is not worth two herrins. Ach!

Over here it is very hard because we hav so much riches. Ve hev a beeg hous and cows but by three in-the-before-breakfast I must light the lantern an milk the cows an boil the kaffee an feed the brats and walk four miles to the gran school.

Its no use, I am gettin noble ni the wonderful cabbage land Amerika. I vill not no you ven you kom by the cattle boats.

Your cousin,

FREDA TABOLSKI.

THE GOLD AND BLACK

In the fall of 1926 we, as Freshmen, came to the Georgia State College and learned, along with other things, that our class colors were to be the Gold and Black. To these colors and to our class we have remained staunch and true. Now we find ourselves Juniors at our Alma Mater and still possess ever increasing love and devotion for our class and colors.

During these years that we have upheld the standards of the Gold and Black many changes have occurred. Some who started out on their college career with us have gone up into a higher class and others from lower ranks have joined us.

To those who have left us we wish to say that we will miss you and your support very much. However, we want you to know that our hearts are with you in anything you undertake.

To those who are just becoming supporters of the Gold and Black we wish to extend a hearty welcome. We hope you will, too, catch the spirit of our class and learn to love it as we do.

May the sight of the Gold and Black arouse in each supporter the spirit of loyalty to uphold the standards for which these colors will always stand.

TEASLEY VERSUS STATE

(A Mock Trial)

The students of Dr. Hunter's English II class were called together Tuesday at their regular time of meeting for the purpose of trying Miss Teasley, who was accused of taking a box that had been sent through the mail to Miss Anderson.

The trial proceeded in the regular order. After Judge Piper called the court to order, Sheriff Gulley brought the alleged criminal into court.

The prosecuting attorney stated the case and called the complainant, Miss Anderson, to the witness chair. Miss Anderson testified that she had expected a box from home on that morning's mail, but she had been to classes all day and had not known that the box came.

The next witness called to the stand was the matron, Miss Stevens, who stated that she knew nothing of the box, but she testified that there was no blot on the reputation of the accused Miss Teasley.

Miss Williams, next called to the witness stand, testified that she had seen Miss Teasley take the box from the mail.

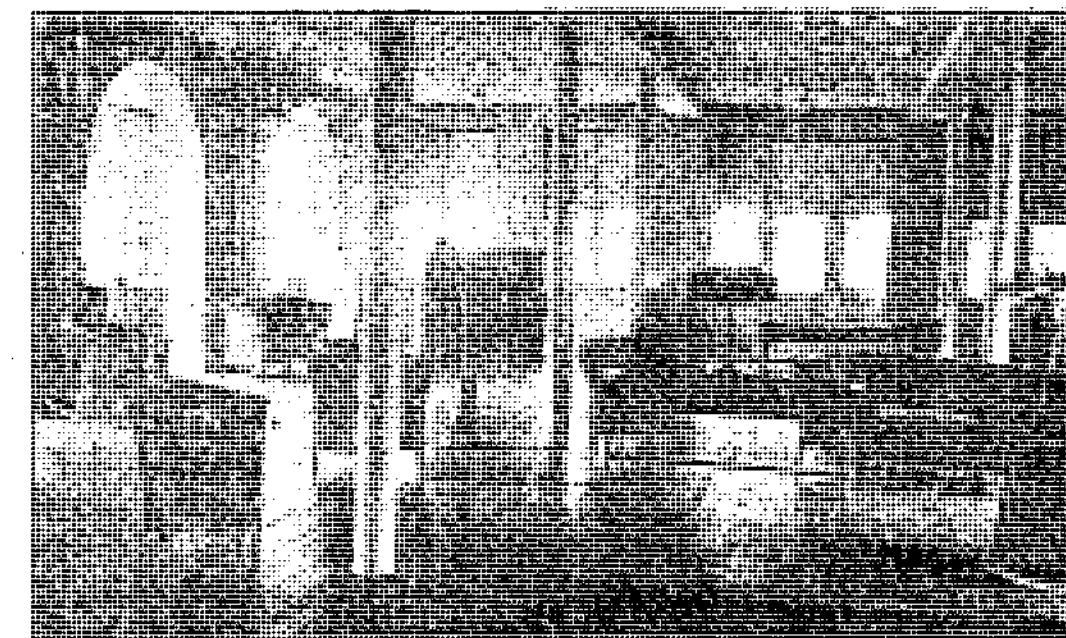
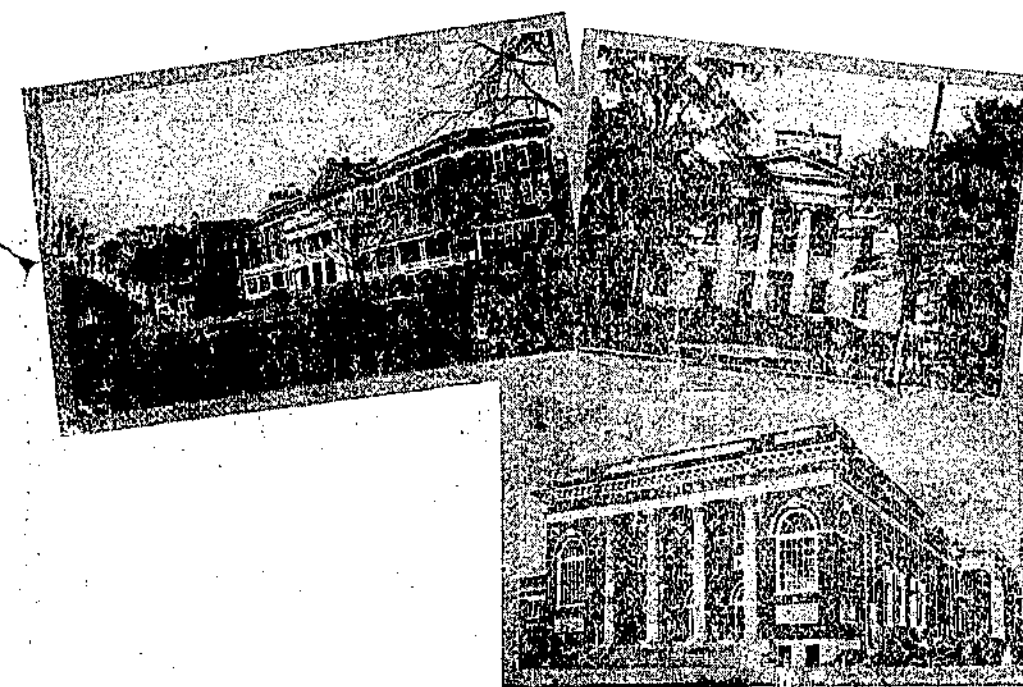
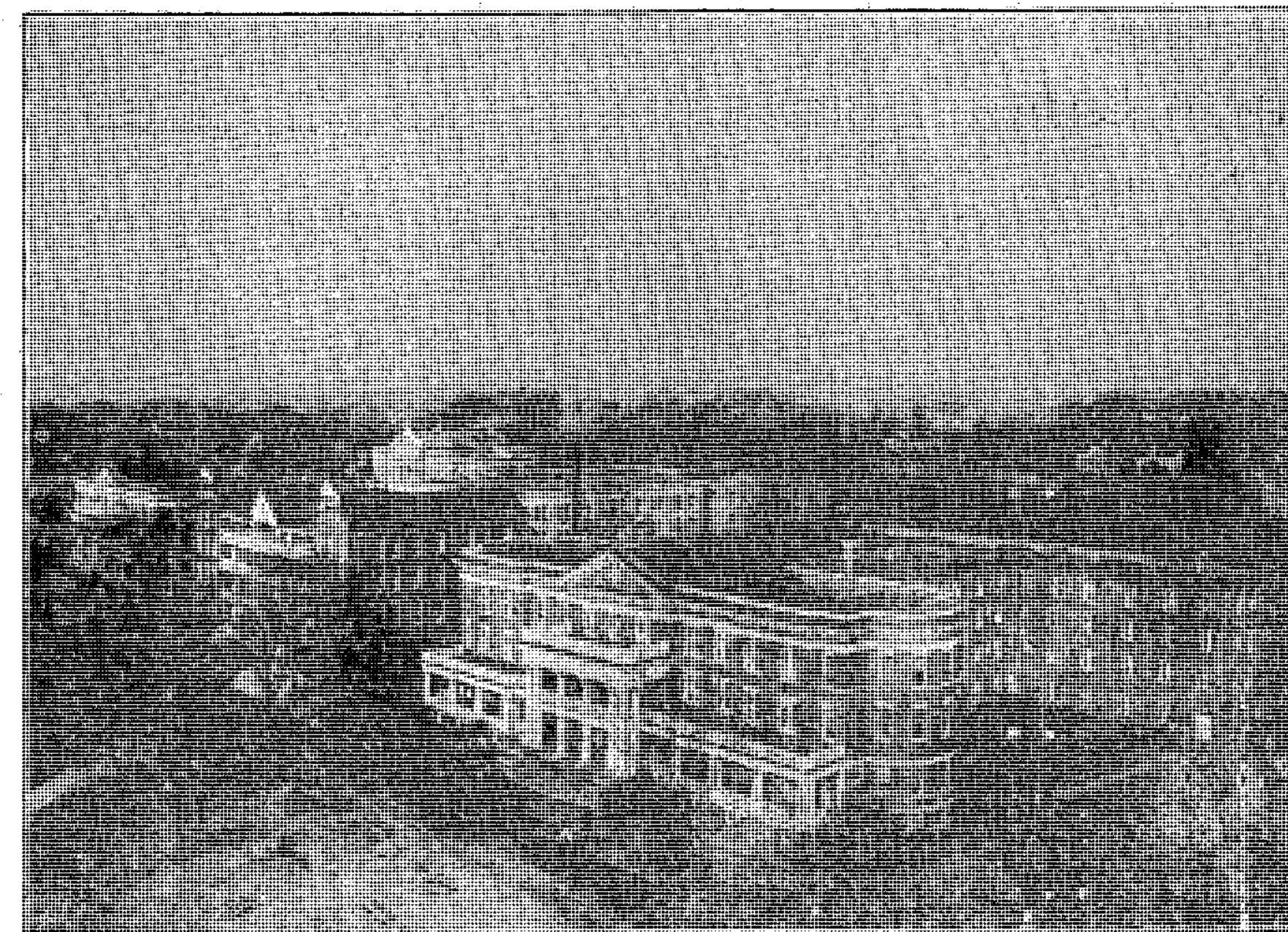
One of Miss Teasley's roommates testified that the box had come from Bell's but the other roommate stated that Miss Teasley told her it was a special delivery package. However, neither of the roommates, saw the address on the package.

The evidences of all the witnesses having been given, the attorneys summed up their statements. After a short recess, the jury rendered a verdict of "guilty." Miss Teasley was sentenced by Judge Piper to five years hard work or a five hundred dollar fine.

So many men have gone to heaven because some woman did not know how to cook.

—DR. ALLEN POUND.

Scenes on G. S. C. W. Campus



BELL'S

Special Sale of Ladies Fine Silk Stockings



GORDON V-LINE BLACKS AND ALL COLORS, CHIFFON
AND SERVICE WEIGHT, SILK FROM TOP TO TOE.

\$2.50

JULIUS KAYSER'S EXTRA HEAVY SERVICE WEIGHT AND
CHIFFON, SILK FROM TOP TO TOE, BLACK AND ALL
COLORS.

\$1.50

It you Want the Best Shop At
E. E. BELL'S

The Rose Tea Room

SENIOR SPECIAL

SUNDAY BREAKFAST—WAFFLES, BACON AND COFFEE

25 cents

8:30 TO 11:30 O'CLOCK

Be quick to kick
If things seem wrong
But kick to us,
And make it strong.

To make things right
Gives us delight,
If we are wrong
And you are right.

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197 STUDENTS TAKE GIRL RESERVE TRAINING COURSE

Miss Lucille Littaker, widely known national Girl Reserve worker, gave a Girl Reserve training course to 197 G. S. C. students last week. Margaret Coyne, president of the Girl Reserves on the campus, presided at the meetings held during the course.

Among the subjects discussed were the meaning of Girl Reserves, organization of a club, and the significance of the Girl Reserve symbol, which is the blue triangle with a circle around it.

On Saturday afternoon, because of the bad weather, a substitute for a supper-hike was held in Ennis basement in the form of a good old get-together social.

Louise Stanford, chairman of the social committee of the Y, assisted the Girl Reserves in preparing for the course.

At Vespers Sunday night, a beautiful Girl Reserve ceremonial was given by the Girl Reserves, Margaret Coyne being in charge. Those on the program were Elizabeth Gully, Mary Rogers, Alline Johnson, Elizabeth Ballew, Mae Ross, Carlisle Beggs, Iverson Dews, Caroline Selman, Emily Campbell, Aughtry Oliver, Kitisie Melton, Rebecca Holbrook, Margaret Coyne, Louise Friswell, Margaret Cunningham, Vasta Smith, Doris Bush, Jewel Daniel, Jewel Dodd, Frances Hardeman, and Gertrude Cooper.

Miss Annie Moore Daughtry, who was formerly a Girl Reserve Secretary, says that Miss Littaker is coming back next year to give a week's training course.

HEALTH: THE BASIS OF COMPLETE LIVING

Dr. Parks believed that without a healthy body and mind, a girl's life in college would be a failure and that her life after she left college would never be complete and full; and, because he believed this, we have on our campus one of the oldest departments of health in the South. June 1929 will see the close of the twelfth year of health teaching and training at G. S. C. W. For eleven years girls have been going out from this college inspired with high ideals of health for themselves and for all with whom they come in contact.

The department of health is not the only place where these ideals are fostered. Indeed, it is a poor ideal that does not carry over into every contact of life. The department of physical education, the clubs, the health plays, the hikes, and all the other phases of outdoor recreation have joined the health department to make for the healthy mindedness of the girls on the campus.

During the twelve years of health teaching here, there have been many renowned persons to visit the college in the interest of health education. Some of these are Dr. Maurice A. Bigelow of Columbia University; Dr. Cornelia Berndorff from the University of Vienna; Miss Louise Strong, director of the health education department of the National Tuberculosis Association; Miss Anne Whitney, director of the health education division of the American Child Health Association; Dr. T. F. Abercrombie from the Georgia State Board of Health; and Dr. James Faulker, secretary of the Georgia Tuberculosis Association.

Being an old maid is a great deal like death by drowning—a really delightful sensation when you cease struggling.

—From "Fawn O'Hara," by EDNA FERBER.

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